First Meetings by botanicapoetica

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Summary:

Dustin thinks the first time Billy and Eleven could've gone better.

First Meetings

Author's Note:

> So this concept has been eating at me, so big surprise I wrote a tiny fic to satisfy my craving. Some things about Eleven's gifts may not be accurate but I don't give a shit my boy deserves loooove

Dustin thinks the first time Steve took Billy to finally meet Eleven could've gone a lot better.

Billy had walked up to El in Hopper's living room, extending his hand with a short introduction. Dustin watched as El grasped his hand and then held on so tight their clasped hands were shaking, her eyes seeing something they couldn't. She was looking at Billy intensely, her eyes filled with tears and a righteous anger Dustin had only seen directed at a van she'd immediately flipped into the air.

"Papa."

At this, Billy had ripped his hand back like it had been burnt. He couldn't remember Billy ever looking like that, like someone had ripped his clothes off in front of a football field full of people, not even when Max had swung a bat at his dick. Dustin watched as Billy stalked toward the front door, shoulder checking him on the way out and slamming the door shut. He wanted to be mad but couldn't find it in him, mostly interested in watching guilt pass over his friend's face as she stood in the middle of the living room, her hand still stretched out in a handshake.

He would've expected Steve to have said something about what a dick Billy was being but he simply sat in the arm chair, wringing his hands, obviously trying NOT to say anything.

Hopper put his hand on El's shoulder, looking down at her with a soft expression. "I'll go check on him." He said, giving her a reassuring smile, but Dustin watched her shake her head.

"My fault, I looked. Too far." She said, walking through the front

door and leaving it open.

Dustin craned his neck from his spot on the couch to watch and found several other sets of shoulders joining him to spy. He could see Billy sitting on the porch step with his back to them, smoke billowing out from his figure and into the air, his shoulders hunched up almost to his ears. El sat down next to him but didn't say anything, instead bringing her small hand to rest on Billy's cheek, her fingers seeming to press meaningfully against his temple.

Dustin watched and became uncomfortable with his spying when he saw Billy gasp, tears dropping down his face out of nowhere.

"This one. Keep this one." He heard Eleven say softly, and watched as Billy's eyes continued to light up, a smile he'd absolutely NEVER seen Billy make spreading across his face.

Dustin was a pretty smart guy so he decided it was time to butt out and it seemed everyone else did too because the next thing he knew, Steve was getting up from his spot to softly shut the front door and everyone started talking again.

Okay, so maybe it went okay.

Author's Note:

> follow me into the dirt pile at botanicapoetica.tumblr.com